

Daily Life 981

Chapter 981: Big Bowl Thick Noodle

Visual China...

This was a rogue company which downloaded online pictures and charged random copyright fees for their use. Many people who had unwittingly used these online pictures were then visited by company staff demanding copyright royalties. The crucial point was that the company wouldn't allow them to just delete the pictures but insisted on compensation, otherwise the company would file a lawsuit.

If it was a rich company, Visual China would send a lawyer's letter right away; if not, they would send it a few years later after the company had grown.

The most mysterious thing was how this company which relied on image copyright lawsuits to survive could even become freaking listed...

There was a saying going around online: All of China suffers because of Visual China.

Respecting copyright was a good thing to begin with, but it wasn't right to fool around illegally under the pretext of protecting it.

It was clear that Visual China had no self-awareness, and were now actually gunning for Bai Youquan.

Winding up the window, Bai Youquan completely ignored the young man on the motorbike outside.

After all, the most painful thing in the world was dealing with hoodlums.

A bunch of gangsters were nothing to be scared of – what was frightening was if they were educated!

“You’re ignoring him?” It didn’t seem like Bai Youquan’s personality to keep his peace.

Although Fang Xing hadn’t known Bai Youquan for long, he already knew how to label the other party.

Without a doubt, this was the most dangerous person, who could be called the smiling villain.

After winding up the window, Bai Youquan looked at the time. “Hm, there are three seconds left. Three, two, one...”

“Bang!”

At the end of Bai Youquan’s countdown, Fang Xing suddenly heard a deafening sound outside the window, and all the vehicles on the overpass could feel the tremors.

At that moment, Bai Youquan turned on the traffic radio broadcast.

Several minutes later, there was a news broadcast on the radio: “Dear citizens, the following is breaking news. According to the latest report, there was an explosion at the Visual China building five minutes ago, the cause of which is unknown. The building has now been reduced to ash, and the exact cause is still being investigated.”

Fang Xing was dumbstruck. “Isn’t this too...”

“This is how our organization does things. It’s best for Classmate Fang to get used to it as soon as possible.” Bai Youquan gave a devilish smile. “Now, we are already on the same side.”

“You really have guts to dare provoke everyone.”

“Everyone except for iKun; there are too many of them and we can’t get rid of them all in a short period of time.”

“...”

“But we’ve already started spreading the word online, and we believe that Huaxiu Alliance will respond to it.”

“Why would Huaxiu Alliance listen to you?” Fang Xing was startled.

“Do you know what iKun stands for?”

“???”

“iKun is [I] Want to [Kill] the [United] [Nations]. They want to bring down the alliance of nations. Doesn’t this point to Huaxiu Alliance?”

“...”

“We’ve spread the news online. Hehehe, I believe it won’t be long before iKun crumbles.” Bai Youquan smiled evilly.

He stroked and fiddled with the plain, pitch black cremation urn in his hands; it seemed that he really did have a fixation with True Immortal She Pi.

Fang Xing took a deep breath and felt that Bai Youquan was a little scary.

What was even more frightening was that he didn’t know who on earth was the person behind the aggressive President Bai this time.

He was now under close watch by Bai Youquan without the slightest chance of escape.

Could Wang Ling sense the danger this time...

Fang Xing was worried.

“Classmate Fang, now that you’ve offered your first gift to the organization, do you want to meet our leader?” Bai Youquan asked as he fiddled with the cremation urn.

“Your father?” asked Fang Xing.

“No... it’s the man behind the scenes, and someone you would definitely never expect,” answered Bai Youquan.

...

At that moment, Wang Ling, Wang Ming and Guo Ping were still waiting in the noodle shop for Fang Xing to come back.

“It’s been almost two hours since Student Fang went out to buy ingredients, and he’s still not back?” Guo Ping frowned and felt that the situation wasn’t so simple.

“Let’s listen to some music first; there might be a jam on the road,” said Wang Ming.

He played Irascible Dharmaraja’s latest single Big Bowl Thick Noodle , which was released today and became a hot search in a short period of time, catching the attention of tens of millions of people.

Irascible Dharmaraja was making fun of himself in this song.

He had been constantly derided previously for being a terrible singer, but the release of this song demonstrated how much more capable his PR team was behind the scenes compared with some other singers.

Big Bowl Thick Noodle actually sounded pretty good, but Guo Ping wasn’t in the mood to calm down and listen to it.

Since Fang Xing was taking so long to come back, Guo Ping had a bad feeling. “Has something happened?”

When Guo Ping said that, Wang Ling used the Great Deduction Spell to infer the direction Fang Xing was in, only to find that the latter's string of fate was calm and composed, and there was nothing unusual about it at all; if Fang Xing had encountered any sort of danger, it should be fluctuating wildly like a great wave.

Putting his finger down, Wang Ling drank the noodle shop's barley tea, which was still very fragrant.

The barley tea was made in-house in the Fang family's noodle shop, and a new batch was made every day. To welcome them as they came over to discuss matters, Fang Xing had gotten up very early today; it wasn't likely he would use the excuse of going to the market to buy ingredients to leave them hanging.

Wang Ling felt that something was wrong, but he couldn't place his finger on it.

It just vaguely felt a little strange.

He suddenly felt as if something was in his way.

Or in other words, he was being obstructed.

After another half an hour, Guo Ping couldn't wait any longer; the truth was that he was worried about Fang Xing.

Fang Xing might not be familiar with Guo Ping, but Guo Ping was very familiar with him.

The truth was that Guo Ping had watched Fang Xing grow up from the shadows. Back then when True Immortal She Pi bore an egg, it was in fact Guo Ping who had safely hatched Fang Xing using the equipment they had on hand.

Guo Ping was one of those who had witnessed Fang Xing breaking through the shell.

They had already been connected since a long time ago.

It was just that Fang Xing himself wasn't aware of it.

“Everyone wait a minute.” Guo Ping took out his phone and sent inquiries to some of his friends in the city police.

Whether it was a traffic accident or some other situation, the cultivation police station would put them all on file. If there really was some sort of accident, Guo Ping’s friends at the police station would at least be able to send back some information.

Guo Ping texted several people, and even asked the head of cultivation public safety. Even after using the computers at HQ to do checks under the table, they didn’t find any leads.

“How is it?” asked Wang Ming.

“No news...” Guo Ping frowned.

“Let me try,” Wang Ling said telepathically at that moment.

He sent a message to the No. 60 Squad’s side chat group: “Has anyone seen Fang Xing?”

“Fang Xing? I don’t know. Are you looking for him?” Super Chen replied in a second. Wang Ling knew with one glance that this guy was playing games.

“Mm...” Wang Ling replied.

“He hasn’t contacted us and we don’t know where he is. I think it’s very likely that he’s been kidnapped!” Super Chen sent an evil smile emoji.

Chapter 982: Mysterious Power

There had never been any errors in Wang Ling's deductions before, but this time he was mistaken, and it was a little strange — there were clearly no fluctuations in Fang Xing's string of fate, but he had been kidnapped without any good reason.

Given Fang Xing's strength, how could an ordinary kidnapper do anything to him?

Wang Ling pondered the matter, which was strange from beginning to end.

“Ling Ling, something doesn't seem right.” Even Wang Ming frowned; he was feeling something he had never felt before, as if his heart was congested with blood, which was very uncomfortable.

“I have an outrageous idea.” At that moment, Wang Ling suddenly spoke telepathically. He then turned to Guo Ping, as his plan required him to verify something with Divine Dao Star.

Wang Ling suspected that apart from Heavenly Dao, Outer Dao and Divine Dao, there might be yet another type of power that existed.

...

Elsewhere, Bai Youquan brought Fang Xing to the mouth of a blind alley in the city. Next to it was an unfamiliar bar which Fang Xing had never been to. Looking at the situation, he had already entered the territory of Bai Youquan and his people from the moment he stepped onto this street.

Two men in suits guarded the mouth of the blind alley on both sides. When they saw Bai Youquan, they made way for him.

Although these two were nothing more than underlings doing grunge work as guards, they were Nascent Soul experts.

When Fang Xing brushed past them, he immediately noticed the tattoos on the necks of the two bruisers: this was the mark of foreign cultivation mercenaries.

They all had burn scars on their bodies, and Fang Xing instantly had his own conjecture.

However, he didn't expect Bai Youquan to be so forthcoming after they entered the blind alley. "Classmate Fang guessed right: these are all people who have already died. They are foreigners who died in battle for their former organizations, and are all fearsome individuals."

"You also brought them back to life?"

"That's right," Bai Youquan said. "They died for their former organizations, and are men with unyielding and iron wills. After resurrecting them, they too now serve us wholeheartedly. These are soldiers who aren't afraid of death. Furthermore, since they are already dead, they are no longer connected to their former organizations."

Bai Youquan laughed. "Also, these people have already been dead for more than three hundred years, and were already reduced to bone ash long ago."

"No one would expect them to come back to life. Whether they died for their organizations or it was the organizations that wanted them dead, there's nothing on them; even if their corpses had remained, there's nothing to trace."

Fang Xing was astonished when he heard this. It was truly a master strategy to have dead men – dead for over a few hundred years, no less – continue in service to one's organization; probably no one else had come up with this idea before.

Resurrection magic did exist in the world, but given its complexity, the law of equivalent exchange, and the law of conservation of spirit power, resurrecting a person required one to sacrifice a lot of things.

For example, cutting off a limb might only buy you one or two years of life. Not only wasn't the spell worth it, it was also forbidden magic. However, it seemed that Bai Youquan's organization had the power to disregard this prohibition and use this resurrection spell as if it was an ordinary one.

Mass resurrection...

Fang Xing couldn't imagine it; these peculiar methods used by Bai Youquan and his people left him speechless.

Bai Youquan led Fang Xing to the very end of the blind alley.

After Bai Youquan performed a hand seal, a strange magic array glowed on the wall. It was densely covered in runes that Fang Xing couldn't read; this definitely wasn't spiritual or divine language, since Fang Xing had already seen the written language of the divine race on Divine Dao Star.

The runes of the magic array were clearly distinctively different from any written language that Fang Xing knew of. The characters looked more like the language of ants; at first glance, they looked like dots which didn't seem different from one another.

Fang Xing's expression hardened when he saw these cryptic runes. Everything was too strange and beyond what he could grasp.

He felt like he had sunk deep into a huge hole that he couldn't get out of.

"Classmate Fang, it's still too early to be surprised. There are still many things you have yet to see." Bai Youquan pressed his palm to the magic array, and Fang Xing saw it glow as it twisted into a complicated shape before the light faded.

In the end, a mouth suddenly appeared in the center of the magic array.

An old, soul-shaking voice rang out, sounding like a creature of ancient times that had been revived.

"Please verify your identity..."

This voice rocked Fang Xing; it felt like his soul was being pulled out and reeled in by that voice.

In that moment, Fang Xing was abruptly curious about this profound power; he suddenly felt that everything he had ever learned was nothing in the face of such power.

So much so that his soul and heart started to tremble.

But very quickly, Fang Xing regained his senses as a familiar aura drew him back to reality. There was an eraser in his pocket which Wang Ling had given him; Fang Xing had borrowed it from Wang Ling during the mid-term exams, but had forgotten to return it afterward, and Wang Ling also hadn't asked for it back.

When Fang Xing remembered later, it was already the summer break and he didn't plan to give it back. At that very moment, it was precisely the power in this eraser which called Fang Xing back to reality and prevented his soul from being sucked out by this mysterious power.

Fang Xing realized that this power was a bit like a drug; once you were pulled in, it was very hard to get out.

“Please verify your identity.” At that moment, the grotesque mouth in the middle of the magic array spoke again.

After the mouth spoke both times, Bai Youquan didn't verify his identity right away; instead, it seemed that he was waiting for this mysterious power to devour Fang Xing. But oddly enough, Fang Xing was unaffected.

Perhaps it was because of the eraser, but the second time the old voice rang out, Fang Xing wasn't affected and felt very clear-headed. He also saw Bai Youquan's bemused expression next to him.

Bai Youquan narrowed his eyes, and in the end, stuck his hand inside the mouth.

Fang Xing: “???”

Bai Youquan: “The identity verification is a little complicated. You have to put your entire arm into the mouth, and then recite the password. If it's someone not from the organization trying to sneak in, their arm will be bitten off.”

As soon as Bai Youquan said that, the mouth of the array: “※&xnsj※қдёзйзж...”

Fang Xing: “???”

Bai Youquan: “It's telling me to recite the password. After all, it can't speak properly with a hand in its mouth.”

Fang Xing: “...”

Then, Bai Youquan looked seriously at the mouth and said, “I am Bai Youquan. I like to dance, rap and play basketball 1 !”

Fang Xing: “...”

Chapter 983: Wang Ling's Management Status

The array in the blind alley glowed with light, which was followed by a force that pulled Fang Xing in.

Fang Xing followed Bai Youquan into another world.

To his surprise, inside wasn't the base he had imagined, but a world newly created.

Everything here was inverted, like a mirror reflection.

“Could this also be the power of DGL 1...” Fang Xing thought.

Bai Youquan looked at him from the side and gave an enigmatic smile. “Classmate Fang, welcome to the world our master set up: the Palace of Mirrors.”

Fang Xing then saw Bai Youquan take out the cremation urn which he had given the latter earlier, take out a very small portion of ash, and then sprinkle it on the ground like Brother Salt 1. In an instant, the embryo of a spirit plant suddenly emerged from the ground.

The stamen of this spirit plant was a human-looking baby that was now only about the size of a sweet potato. The flower stem was very thick and the plant was firmly rooted in the ground as it seemed to absorb the spirit power beneath the surface to nourish itself.

Fang Xing noticed that the Palace of Mirrors was a complete reversal. Spiritual qi was now being consumed at a very quick rate on Earth, and researchers were all racking their brains to solve this problem. However, the spiritual qi inside this Palace of Mirrors was unimaginably rich.

“Come, I’ll take you to His Lordship,” Bai Youquan said to Fang Xing after planting this spirit plant at the entrance.

“Then, this flower?”

“Leave it; after twenty-four hours, I’ll bring you back to harvest your dad.”

“...”

...

Elsewhere, after confirming that Fang Xing had been abducted, Wang Ling and the others started to do a preliminary search.

Fang Xing’s aura had completely vanished, as if he had disappeared off the face of the planet. The problem, however, was that no one could just vanish into thin air; even if someone did disappear, there was still the last place they were seen before it happened.

“I’ve already contacted my friend; he’ll use national AI face recognition technology to determine the positions of all the players,” Guo Ping said.

“Perhaps it doesn’t have to be that troublesome.” Wang Ming shook his head and said, “How many surveillance cameras are there across the country?”

“Even if you rule out the ones that are currently broken or under maintenance, there are over three hundred million...” Guo Ping said. This was Huaxiu’s Divine Eye Project, which had initially been set up to prevent crime.

Almost all public places (not including toilets and some relatively private venues) were covered by the Divine Eye Project’s road cameras, which were exceptionally clear; after zooming in, even the fine hairs on your face could be clearly seen.

Thinking about what Wang Ming said, Guo Ping realized that he was looking at it the wrong way. “Are you saying that we should check the damaged cameras or those being serviced?”

“Since there are broken cameras and those under maintenance, we might get results more quickly by starting with these in Songhai city. That gang shouldn’t be stupid enough to brazenly make Fang Xing disappear.”

Hearing this, Guo Ping nodded hurriedly. “Alright.”

The Divine Eye Project was laid out on a massive scale, but the proportion of damaged cameras and those under maintenance was very low: it was less than 5% throughout the country, and even less in Songhai itself.

“Then we’ll start with the damaged ones. I’ll arrange it.” As Guo Ping spoke, he gazed at Wang Ling; he had noticed that Wang Ling had remained as still as a log since the beginning.

“Ling Zhenren, what are you...”

“He’s confirming some things. His soul should have already left his body; it’s best that you don’t bother him in this state,” Wang Ming warned.

“Why...”

“This is management mode; even when his body is without its soul, half the world still can’t beat him...”

“I see...” Guo Ping nodded thoughtfully. When he had entered earlier, he thought that Wang Ling’s skin was especially good. After learning that the energy string with which he had used to travel through space was Wang Ling’s hair, Guo Ping’s interest in Wang Ling had skyrocketed right away!

Until now, it hadn’t been easy to get close to Ling Zhenren, and Guo Ping almost couldn’t resist the urge just then! He actually... actually wanted to pinch Ling Zhenren’s face!

Sure enough, cute boys really made it easy for people to “commit crimes”!

“Teacher Guo, are you thinking of something vulgar and disrespectful about my little brother?” Wang Ming was aware of how eccentric Guo Ping was. As a qualified and perverted bro-con, Wang Ming was doing his best to remain level-headed.

Guo Ping wheedled, “Ling Zhenren isn’t around right now. Don’t you want to do an up-close study of the human body?”

“Study of the human body...” Hearing this, Wang Ming sucked in a cold breath of air. He never expected Guo Ping to actually put it in such a tactful and natural way; the main point was that it sounded pretty damn reasonable!

They were both scientific researchers, and a study of the human body up close was vital!

But no way!

Wang Ming felt that he had to keep calm – how could he let another researcher touch his little brother?!

“Teacher Guo, please stop right there with your outrageous thoughts about my little brother.” Wang Ming was so agitated that he stood up and knocked the teacup off the table with his elbow. The teacup fell to the floor, but it didn’t break given the material it was made from, and instead rolled over to Wang Ling’s feet.

Then, when the teacup touched Wang Ling’s shoe, an astonishing thing happened...

Boom!

A shock wave blasted out with Wang Ling in the center. Then, lasers shot out of Ling Zhenren’s eyes as he sat docilely in his chair, and the teacup shattered...

With one gust of wind, not even ash remained...

“Teacher Guo, do you still want to try it...” Wang Ming hesitated.

“Well... Let’s postpone this investigation for now... We can always try later...” Guo Ping pulled his neck in and drew his hand back...

...

Elsewhere, Wang Ling’s soul appeared on Divine Dao Star. Divine Dao Star was located far from Earth, but Wang Ling had already been here once and left his aura here, so he could come back anytime.

It hadn’t been half a month since Star Lord of Divine Dao Star had been beaten to a pulp, and he hadn’t fully recovered.

Jingke’s attack previously had been a little fierce, and as long as the injury was caused by Jingke, it wouldn’t heal so easily.

When Wang Ling went over this time, Star Lord was still wrapped up in bandages as he lay in bed with one leg raised.

The divine messenger-turned-throne had been hacked to pieces by Jingke and Bai Qiao’s fused personality Jingbai – the word “tragic” didn’t even begin to describe it.

In any case, after going through all that, the residual effects had been completely beaten into Star Lord’s body. He didn’t even keep goldfish in his fish tank anymore; when he looked at those dead fish eyes, it felt like Wang Ling was looking at him, and his dreams every day frightened him into a cold sweat.

This time, Wang Ling appeared without any warning. He floated in the air and stared at Star Lord...

Star Lord was so scared he pissed his pants.

WTF! The... The Grudge!

Chapter 984: Wanton Massacre

Star Lord's face turned deathly white at Wang Ling's sudden appearance. His first reaction was to run as he immediately decided to cut his tail off.

Cut off the tail to survive...

To Wang Ling's mild astonishment, this guy's original form was actually a gecko... He had always thought that the Divine Dragons should be a more advanced form of lizard.

Gripping his tail, Star Lord was so frightened he fell back against the bed. The inner palace guards outside the door heard the noise and instantly charged in. They moved swiftly and in unison, and it was obvious that they had practiced this many times.

But these guards were also injured from being beaten by Wang Ling previously...

After dashing through the door, the leader of these Divine Dragons who had yet to clearly make out Wang Ling's appearance shouted, "Outrageous maniac! How dare you break into Star Lord's palace. It looks like you don't want to live... er..."

His bellowing spluttered to a stop as everyone saw that the person who had appeared in front of Star Lord's bed was Wang Ling.

Then, this group of Divine Dragons took a step back and closed the door. "Sorry to bother you..."

Star Lord: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

"Big bro, I've already apologized. What else do you want..." Star Lord wanted to cry but had no tears to shed; he had already thoroughly realized the error of his ways after what happened last time.

Previously, he did whatever he wanted under the banner of the divine realm's will; it wasn't until he met Wang Ling that he realized that there was always someone stronger.

The most important thing was that the divine realm had been thrown into chaos, even Thousand-Winged God was helpless when it came to this guy, to say nothing of Star Lord.

Divine Dao Star had relied on the power of the divine realm all this time to frantically expand throughout space, until Wang Ling's appearance caused him to thoroughly abandon his plan of universal domination.

“Divine One, why have you dropped by...” When Star Lord spoke this time, it was in Mandarin. Actually, he had always been able to speak Mandarin, and as an alien, his pronunciation was actually very spot-on.

He was actually very interested in Earth culture; it was just that for the sake of his reputation, he had never expressed it.

For the sake of establishing friendly ties with Earth this time, Star Lord had been dragged into supplementary lessons while he recuperated. This time, not only did he learn what was required in order to live on Earth, he even learned some advanced subject matter – Thousand-Winged God had him study advanced math, linear algebra, advanced functions, vector space... he couldn't escape any of it.

It was so... so hard!

Why would this terrifying planet study such frightening things?!

Wang Ling gazed at Star Lord's small, deathly white face – a green face could actually turn lime in color. It was clear that the trauma which Wang Ling had inflicted on this Star Lord wasn't small.

Of course, Wang Ling had come on business this time, and not to deliberately tease Star Lord. He straightaway asked telepathically what he wanted to know. Actually, Wang Ling felt that he might learn more if he went to the divine realm and asked around, but he disliked how high and mighty the Winged Gods were.

Also, Divine Dao Star was the one planet inspired by the divine realm, and after so many years of expanding throughout space, Star Lord might know quite a fair bit.

Wang Ling would only deal with those Winged Gods as a last resort. When their wings were spread open, the most was over a thousand wings in number, which was a ghastly sight for someone with trypophobia.

Wang Ling felt that the author completely hadn't taken the animation team into account when writing this bit back then – it was too hard to draw a thousand-winged angel! This was just asking the illustrator to die!

Thus, Wang Ling had always imagined that when the time came to animate this bit, the animation team might as well collaborate with KFC on an ad and stick New Orleans roast chicken wings on these Winged Gods, which would be both profitable and cost-effective.

You could even endorse a few more chicken wing products, like hot wings, finger-licking good chicken and so on.

Star Lord was stumped by Wang Ling's question. "Divine One, you're asking if there are other types of power apart from Heavenly Dao, Outer Dao and Divine Dao?"

Star Lord pondered carefully for a while before he replied, "As far as I know, there shouldn't be any..."

Speaking of this, Star Lord wiped his sweat. Wang Ling had thrashed him with just a few moves back then – in terms of strength alone, can there be anyone in the whole universe clearer on this point than you?

But since Wang Ling had asked the question sincerely, Star Lord could only answer according to the facts. Furthermore, he came up with his own conjecture. "Of all the supreme powers that currently exist in the universe, apart from Outer Dao, Divine Dao and Heavenly Dao, there indeed is no other power. Even if there was, it most likely wouldn't count as one of the supreme powers. Also, most powers share a common foundation. The reason Outer Dao, Divine Dao and Heavenly Dao are seen as supreme powers is that there is a common link between these three... Therefore..."

Saying this, Star Lord turned his head to look at Wang Ling, only to unexpectedly discover that the latter wasn't listening and was instead seriously going through the Three Five that Star Lord had done.

This was homework which Thousand-Winged God had left with Star Lord, and which Wang Ling was marking at the moment.

“You made quite a lot of mistakes. Work harder.” A short moment later, Wang Ling put the marked Three Five at the head of Star Lord’s bed.

Star Lord: “...”

...

Elsewhere, in the noodle shop, Wang Ming and Guo Ping were waiting for news from Wang Ling. Wang Ling was now still in management mode. His eyes were lifeless and his pupils dim; at first glance, he looked very easy to bully... but neither of them dared offend him so easily.

“I wonder how things are coming along.” Hands clasped behind his back, Guo Ping paced back and forth a little worriedly inside the noodle shop.

“How is the Divine Eye investigation coming along?” asked Wang Ming.

After screening, they had already substantially narrowed down the field of investigation, and Wang Ming had a feeling that it was almost time.

“Let me ask.” Just as Guo Ping took out his phone again, it rang.

It was a series of screams, and so mournful that Guo Ping’s hand shook and almost dropped the phone.

Quickly composing himself, Guo Ping asked, “Hello! This is Guo Ping! What’s going on?!”

The screaming from the research institute made Guo Ping uneasy.

“Is this Professor Guo Ping?” The voice of a stranger rang out on the other end of the phone.

Guo Ping knew all the staff in the institute like the back of his hand, and this was clearly the voice of an outsider.

He frowned. “Who are you?”

“Professor Guo’s plan to determine Student Fang’s whereabouts using the Divine Eye was a good one. You guessed right: Student Fang was abducted. However, I’m afraid you can no longer investigate his location.” As soon as the stranger on the other end of the phone said the words, several shadow figures broke the glass in the door to Fang Xing’s noodle shop!

“Damn!” Guo Ping was shocked; they were under attack!

Five Nascent Soul experts in black shadow suits entered the noodle shop. In that split second, Wang Ming pulled Guo Ping back to hide.

Wang Ming couldn’t make out their appearance, since the black shadow suit was a unique type of military-grade Daoist robe that turned into shadow when worn. However, it was extremely expensive to make – there was no way a regular organization couldn’t afford such a large shadow army corps.

More importantly, the black shadow suit was a state secret which was only handed out to cultivation secret service agents to use in secret military affairs.

But now, all these people were wearing the same suit, which was unimaginable to Wang Ming and Guo Ping.

The five Nascent Soul cultivators charged into the noodle shop, their intentions clear. The head of the black shadow group ordered, “Go! Kill everyone here and head back for a debriefing!”

As soon as he said that, one person swung a knife down at Wang Ling in management mode...

Chapter 985: Wang Ling’s SP

Wang Ming and Guo Ping had never seen so many people wearing these shadow suits before. It was very clear that all of this was premeditated.

When Guo Ping called the research institute earlier, there had been screaming. The institute must have also been attacked by shadow men.

But Guo Ping was puzzled. The black shadow suit was a confidential state military project. To be able to make so many of them for a military attack, the other side's background definitely wasn't ordinary.

"Are they from the Dark Network or a dark force?" In a split second, various thoughts flew through Wang Ming's head.

These people were fully armed and well-organized. They were able to perfectly launch surprise attacks at the same time. This wasn't something that the Dark Network or a regular dark force could do. Furthermore, almost all members of the Dark Network and dark forces that were currently on the books were under surveillance, with the cultivation police planting undercover agents in their midst.

This undercover plan was also known as the "Three years ago on the rooftop and another three years after, and baby Gin is bitter there isn't a normal person around 1" plan.

The plan's name sounded very long, but this was a well-placed security measure since apart from the undercover agents, no one else could repeat this name after hearing it just once, so anyone who couldn't recite it completely was a fake undercover agent!

"Wang Ming... this group is very strong, we aren't their match! Also, they don't seem to be using spiritual energy..." Unlike Wang Ming, Guo Ping was at the Nascent Soul stage, but he trembled in the face of these shadow men who were also Nascent Soul cultivators.

These people weren't using spiritual energy to power their spells, and this unknown element frightened the both of them.

Thus, the moment this group of shadow men charged in, Wang Ming and Guo Ping instinctively hid behind Wang Ling.

Carrying a knife, the head of the black shadow men sneered, unaware of Wang Ling's identity. "A bunch of researchers hiding behind a teenager; how stupid can you be? But it doesn't matter – everyone here has to die!"

With that, he swung the knife at Wang Ling's head. This slash was very fierce as it cut through the air so quickly that the atmosphere instantly exploded with heat and produced steam.

Knife raised, head falls!

But this was only what the shadow man imagined would happen.

In fact, when the knife approached Wang Ling, who was in management mode, his head didn't even move. Instead, balls of firepower instantly coalesced in the King's Eye and a laser shot out, promptly reducing the knife to powder...

The head of the shadow men reacted very quickly. Unlike previous villains who were instantly killed, he immediately discarded the knife and backed away the moment Wang Ling's defensive light ray shattered the blade.

At the same time, a fatal sense of danger crept into his heart...

"What the hell is up with this person..." The head of the shadow man broke into a cold sweat.

He had no doubt that if he had hesitated just now, his entire being would have vanished alongside the blade, crushed to ash by Wang Ling's defensive light ray.

"Retreat!"

The head of the shadow men gave the order on the spot.

Their initial plan was to exterminate all scientific researchers on a global scale. If the attack was unsuccessful, they could choose to retreat and report it to their superiors, and the organization would later specially formulate a plan to deal with the researchers they had yet to kill.

The five who invaded the noodle shop had initially been very confident. Like Bai Youquan, they used their new powers to do whatever they wanted.

They were at the Nascent Soul stage, but their strength was several times that of a typical Nascent Soul cultivator.

That was the very reason why Guo Ping, who was also at the Nascent Soul stage, shivered when the five invaded the noodle shop.

They had already locked onto Guo Ping and Wang Ming's location earlier on, but had overlooked Wang Ling.

Wang Ling was too strong, and the five people were unable to carry out the assassination plan smoothly.

Thus, they planned to retreat.

They activated the escape buttons on the black shadow suits. In a mere split second, these five people were reduced to clouds of shadows in the air that turned into streams of black matter as they fled in one direction.

But it was already too late.

At that very moment, Wang Ling's slack pupils in management mode finally focused.

Wang Ling was back.

He was already done with his investigation. While he hadn't obtained any useful information, the memories of his management state flooded his mind the moment his soul returned.

"Stay."

Wang Ling stared at the five black shadow men expressionlessly. He guessed the reason they were running was to go back and report to their organization, so he couldn't let them escape.

And so, Wang Ling spread his five fingers, and the five men who were fleeing were once again caught in the air.

“Ahhh!”

They screamed one after another as they were pulled back through the sky like stringy cheese. Then, with five thuds, they fell to the ground, piled on top of each other.

Meanwhile, Wang Ling also finally sensed that the five men weren't the same as the cultivators he normally dealt with. He had used the same amount of strength as usual – enough to squash an ant – to carefully reel them in, but had felt an unprecedented resistance.

As Guo Ping said, these weren't normal cultivators who used spiritual energy to power their spells; what they were using instead was an unknown energy form that was a lot more concentrated than “primordial qi.”

Wang Ling was deeply interested at this.

Because of how excessively powerful primordial qi was, Wang Ling had been constantly looking for a way to suppress it. Relying purely on the Dao talisman seal was useless; sooner or later, he would have to find a way to control this power himself.

And now, an energy form far more concentrated than primordial qi had actually appeared.

Then, how was this group of black shadow men controlling it?

Numerous thoughts flew through Wang Ling's mind in a split second.

The five men were bound with several magic rings and immediately restricted by Wang Ling's power of Heavenly Dao. Since he wasn't sure what their strength was like, Wang Ling deliberately used a little more force this time.

The five men were restrained on the spot. Wang Ling clapped his hands and actually felt for the first time that catching someone was hard work. It looked like he would need to eat a few more packets of crispy noodles today to replenish his SP 1...

In that round just now, if a full SP bar was 100 points, he had used up a full three points! How terrible!

After all, when he had dealt with Evil Sword God back then, he had only used 1 SP!

Just these five Nascent Soul cultivators were already so hard to deal with; who knew what type of enemy he would encounter in the future.

At that very moment, a figure covered in blood staggered into the noodle shop.

“Zhai Yin!” Wang Ming cried out when he saw who it was.

Chapter 986: The Plot to Wipe Out Research Institutes All Over the World

Zhai Yin’s injuries were severe and she was drenched in blood. It seemed it had taken the last of her willpower to reach the noodle shop and look for Wang Ming. The moment she arrived and saw that Wang Ming was safe, it was as if a weight was finally lifted off her shoulders, and she fainted, her face bloodless.

Guo Ping rushed over in dismay. “She’s close to dying... She’s lost a lot of blood!”

At the same time, he was deeply shaken by Zhai Yin’s willpower. As expected of Zhai Yin – it wasn’t just anyone who would be able to make it here while bleeding so severely.

The situation was serious, and Wang Ling was about to help when Dog Two suddenly emerged from under a table to straightaway use the Toad clan’s Swallowing Spell on Zhai Yin.

After swallowig Zhai Yin, Dog Two burped. “Little master, you don’t have to do anything; I can save her.”

“You?” Wang Ming was a little dubious.

When the shadows had burst in earlier, this green-furred dog had run faster than anyone else and squeezed under a table...

“You didn’t come out earlier, so why are you coming out now?” Guo Ping smiled; he recalled Dog Two’s terrified expression and thought it was pretty funny.

“Ai, I don’t know why I’m so cowardly – probably because the author forgot about me when he wrote the last chapter...” Dog Two sighed.

“Can you really heal her?” asked Wang Ming.

“No problem, our Sky-Swallowing Toad clan’s toad oil is a natural and holy curative; it can cure internal or external injuries in an instant. From the moment my body changed, I’ve been storing it up, and there’s enough for dozens of people,” said Dog Two.

After a few minutes, it opened its mouth and spat out a brand new Zhai Yin.

Everything was as Dog Two said. Zhai Yin had completely recovered from her injuries, and even her complexion looked much better. In the demon world, the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan’s toad oil could be directly used in trade as a top quality medicine, and part of the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan’s economic network was propped up by sales of toad oil.

They then used the money from selling toad oil to buy large quantities of meaty houseflies as supplementary nourishment. Houseflies were hundreds of times cheaper than toad oil, and once eaten and digested, they became brand new toad oil.

This endless economic loop was like a perpetual motion machine which made money for the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan in the demon world.

Immersed in the toad oil, Zhai Yin was like a baby in its mother’s womb, and her internal and external injuries were healed in no time.

After Dog Two spat her out, she very quickly regained consciousness and slowly opened her eyes.

“She’s awake!” Wang Ming was excited.

Even Wang Ling had an amazed expression on his face; the toad oil was even more effective than he had imagined.

“Chief Zhai, what is going on?” Guo Ping asked anxiously.

He and Wang Ming had already mentally prepared themselves; given how severe Zhai Yin’s injuries were, there was no doubt that the research institute was already in disarray.

After the Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu’s arrest and the collapse of the number one dark force, plus the fact that practically all the Dark Network’s criminal activities were being monitored, Wang Ming and Guo Ping truly never expected that there would be another organization powerful enough to suddenly attack the research institute with armed forces.

For the other party to launch a surprise attack on the research institute just as Earth was about to establish diplomatic ties with aliens was the greatest provocation.

“The research institute... almost everyone was killed, and Old Qi’s whereabouts are unknown...” Zhai Yin pulled herself together and said, “They started slaughtering everyone as soon as they entered; if Wang Ming’s long johns hadn’t helped me deflect several fatal hits... I wouldn’t have survived the first round of attacks.”

When she said this, Zhai Yin took the long johns out from her storage space; even though they had been enchanted by Wang Ling, this long johns divine artifact was actually unable to withstand an attack for the first time ever and was already completely destroyed, riddled as it was with holes.

Even Wang Ling was a little astonished when he saw this. He never thought that there would still be this sort of power on Earth. If he had known earlier, he would’ve upgraded the long johns.

“Who on earth launched the attack? Were they the same as this bunch in shadow suits?” Wang Ming asked as he pointed at the five on the ground.

“That’s right. They wore the same thing and snuck in unnoticed, which was why everyone in the research institute were hit hard...” Zhai Yin frowned. “Also, it wasn’t just our institute that was attacked, but institutes all over the world were also hit...”

“How can this be...” Guo Ping turned pale.

“The other party’s goal is already very clear: this is a plot to wipe out all the research institutes around the world; I’m afraid that all scientific researchers have fallen.” Wang Ming frowned; if they hadn’t been with Wang Ling this time, they would probably already be dead.

“Who on earth are you?” Dog Two asked as he stepped on a shadow man.

“Just kill us! We won’t betray our organization.”

The five shadow men turned their heads to the side; they were very stubborn and wouldn’t confess.

If Wang Ling hadn’t been quick enough, they might have already killed themselves.

Wang Ling could see that they weren’t afraid of death.

If they could escape, they would. If not, they weren’t the least bit afraid of dying.

“It looks like it’s no use asking them.” Guo Ping analyzed the situation unhurriedly. “There are now a few issues we have to address. First: Where on earth did this group of shadow men come from, and on whose instigation?

“Second: What is this power that they’re using?

“Third: What is the purpose behind attacking and killing scientific researchers all over the world?

“Fourth: If they are just targeting scientific researchers, why did they capture Student Fang?”

When Guo Ping brought up the fourth point, something suddenly struck Wang Ming and his eyes lit up. “We don’t have any answers for the first three points yet, but I can think of several likely possibilities for the fourth point.”

Guo Ping: “What are they?”

Wang Ming: “Teacher Guo, don’t tell me you’ve forgotten Fang Xing’s true identity and background...”

Guo Ping’s face darkened. “Are you saying...”

Wang Ming: “Perhaps Student Fang himself has no value to them, but his father was a capable inventor under Old Devil back then. It’s likely that they seized Student Fang Xing for his genes, to resurrect True Immortal She Pi... Of course, this is all conjecture right now; I still can’t figure out the reason for wantonly massacring scientific researchers...”

“The news is being suppressed for now, but fire can’t be wrapped in paper for long...” Zhai Yin was already checking the news online at the moment.

The massacre of scientific researchers on a global scale was a huge event, but if it was carelessly divulged, it could trigger panic throughout the entire cultivation world. It was for this reason that news of the event was being suppressed for now.

But both Wang Ling and Wang Ming were well aware.

Now that something like this had happened, they had to find a way to resolve it in the near future or it would ultimately become very hard to fix.

Chapter 987: Plaster Cast

Guo Ping and Wang Ming had successfully avoided this assault, but Wang Ling was guessing that this group of shadow men wouldn’t let them off so easily. The two of them would be under threat if they remained on Earth, so after some discussion, Wang Ling directly took Wang Ming, Guo Ping as well as the five shadow men he had captured to Divine Dao Star.

This was the second time Wang Ling frightened Star Lord of Divine Dao Star as he fell off the bed... His injury tore open a second time – it didn’t seem he would be able to make a full recovery so easily.

“Rest assured, Ling Zhenren, I’ll do everything I can to protect these two.” When Star Lord made this promise, his subordinates were pressed to the door outside as they listened in.

Interrogation of the five shadow men started that night on Divine Dao Star as they were stripped of their black shadow suits roughly by the Divine Dragons. Interrogation on Divine Dao Star wasn’t complicated since the Divine Dragons had their own methods: the thousand-degree blade and the hydraulic press.

The so-called thousand-degree blade was a knife made from highly concentrated divine energy molecules which was used to cut the skin. Although the cuts weren’t large, they were a thousand times more painful than those caused by a common blade; even just a small cut on an acupuncture point would be excruciating.

The second was the hydraulic press.

The hydraulic press on Divine Dao Star ran on divine energy. During torture, the Divine Dragons would hook up some body part, usually the arm, of the person being interrogated to the hydraulic press.

When the hydraulic press was activated, whatever was in its path would be crushed to dust.

These people weren’t afraid of death, and even sought it; as long as they weren’t killed, they refused to speak, which was why Star Lord’s first reaction was to double the pain they received.

Since their lips were tightly sealed and they weren’t afraid to die, he could only use these methods to make them open their mouths.

Although it was very painful, these methods wouldn’t create large wounds; even using the divine energy hydraulic press to press down on a person’s arm wasn’t lethal. The moment it pressed down, highly concentrated divine energy molecules would immediately cause the injury to clot and stop the bleeding. However, the pain it caused was hundreds of thousands of times more painful than getting your arm cut off.

Previously, to force other aliens to sign unequal treaties with Divine Dao Star, Star Lord had used these tried-and-true methods to force their leaders to give in.

In Divine Dao Star's divine prison, Wang Ling, Wang Ming and Guo Ping had come to observe the interrogation, which was being personally handled by Star Lord. The Divine Dragons had never seen this happen before, but they recognized who Wang Ling was from his dead fish eyes...

All the Divine Dragons shivered.

They absolutely couldn't be mistaken. Back then, Jingke and Bai Qiao had combined to create Jingbai, and those pair of dead fish eyes left a deep impression on them. The Divine Dragons knew of Jingbai's true identity as a sword spirit, and that he had been summoned by a teenager. None of them had seen Wang Ling before, but they knew that Jingbai also had a pair of dead fish eyes...

It was said that a sword spirit resembled its master.

Now, with Wang Ling presiding over the situation behind Star Lord, the latter didn't even dare fart.

From Star Lord's attitude, it really wasn't hard to guess Wang Ling's true identity.

By the time Wang Ling arrived, Star Lord had already ordered the five shadow men to be stripped of their clothes, and they were all interrogated separately to prevent collusion beforehand.

The interrogation room was made from a special material and odd divine patterns were carved into it which prevented the possibility of telepathic communication.

Star Lord surveyed the five individuals after they were stripped and waved his hand right away.
"Prepare to begin."

However, just as several Divine Dragons were about to make cuts with the thousand-degree blade, one of the torturers noticed something odd.

"Your Excellency Star Lord, there seems to be a problem..."

"What is it?"

"These people have a mark on their buttocks which I've never seen before."

“Mark?” Star Lord furrowed his brow. Just as he was about to step forward, he thought of something, and then stepped aside to make way for Wang Ling and the others first.

“This young man is worth teaching.” Wang Ming and Guo Ping patted Star Lord’s shoulder one after another as they brushed past him.

Star Lord choked with vexation at losing face in front of so many subordinates. However! It was his desire to live that made him act that way.

“What mark is this?” Wang Ming mused as he gazed at it. Although he couldn’t cultivate, he was very well-read. However, he couldn’t recall ever seeing such a mark, and he felt that it was a little strange.

“In all my years of research, I’ve never seen this thing.” Guo Ping shook his head.

Star Lord of Divine Dao Star took a look and also frowned. Initially, he had wanted to step forward and show off, only to realize in the end that he too didn’t recognize this mark. The situation lapsed into awkwardness for a moment.

But at that moment, a familiar voice rang out. “Perhaps, I recognize it...”

Looking in the direction of the voice, Wang Ling realized that it was actually coming from the cast that Star Lord was wearing.

Wang Ling: “???”

Star Lord was also startled. “What the hell... you are...”

“Don’t remember my voice?” The plaster cast laughed.

While Star Lord had yet to react, Wang Ling had recognized the voice: it was that divine throne which Jingbai had cut in half previously.

“You’re that throne...” Wang Ling said as he gazed at the cast on Star Lord’s leg.

“As expected of Ling Zhenren – indeed, it is I!”

Everyone: “...”

“How did you turn into a cast?” Guo Ping was curious.

“I’m made of very costly material, after all. Without me, it might be very hard for Star Lord’s leg to be completely healed. So God crushed me and ground me into a plaster and had me stick to Star Lord’s thigh.”

“...”

“Also, this is my punishment from God for going up against Ling Zhenren... Star Lord has a little too much leg hair, which is really unbearably prickly.”

“...”

After everyone calmed down, Wang Ling continued and asked, “Do you recognize this mark?”

“I do.” The divine throne-turned-cast said, “I was created by God; I know all things in the universe and have seen all kinds of buttocks. I’ve lived for so long, what kind of ass have I not seen...”

Everyone: “...”

The divine throne said, “This mark is called the fate mark. The means by which it is activated is very special: one has to cultivate a special Dao called Fate Dao to bring this mark about and to use Fate techniques.”

“So there really is another power in the universe apart from Heavenly Dao, Outer Dao and Divine Dao?”

“Of course,” the divine throne replied. “But Fate Dao is very special and only extraordinary people with the designated right to do so can cultivate it. Those without such a privilege will never be able to comprehend it in their lifetimes.”

Chapter 988: The Shadow Men's Secret

Fate Dao...

Wang Ling had never heard of this, but among the Heavenly Dao, there was indeed one that had to do with fate, which Wang Ling had cast before, a very long time ago. In Chapter 23 of the novel, he once used the "Great Fate Spell" to predict Dopey Guo's future. In six hundred years, Dopey Guo would open the largest seafood market chain since the founding of Huaxiu, Haidilao Hot Pot.

But looking at the strength of the master behind this group of shadow men, this "Fate Dao" was different from the "Great Fate Spell." Bluntly speaking, the Great Fate Spell was just one of the Heavenly Dao spells, while "Fate Dao" was a separate type of Dao altogether.

This was the difference between the two.

As a standalone Dao, the profundities of Fate Dao were clearly inherently different to that of the Great Fate Spell.

"So, is it also because of Fate Dao that these people can be resurrected?" Wang Ming made a guess. He wasn't surprised by the existence of Fate Dao; what he was really curious about was whether Fate Dao, as a special type of Dao, had the ability to select its master.

Extrapolating from this point, Wang Ling might not be the only "chosen one" in the universe. But the question was, what was up with that teenager in Wang Ming's dream who looked exactly like Wang Ling?

Wang Ming was a little dazed.

Was it possible that the universe didn't elect chosen ones at random? Were the only ones chosen those with dead fish eyes...

Wang Ming's mind went blank at this conclusion. He didn't have dead fish eyes, but a pair of attractive double eyelids that were natural and gave one an indolent feeling. So, could the real reason he couldn't cultivate be that the gods were jealous of his double eyelids?

After coming up with this conjecture, Wang Ming felt slightly despondent...

"Has Brother Wang Ming thought of something?"

"No... no..." Wang Ming came back to his senses. In reality, he had just been wondering whether to get plastic surgery after he returned to Earth to change his double eyelids to dead fish eyes...

"Looking at this Fate Dao mark now, it indeed seems to be the case," the divine throne replied without the slightest bit of hesitation. A face slowly emerged on Star Lord's leg cast.

This face was identical to the one that had appeared on the divine throne before; golden petals had even floated down from the heavens back then, which made for an incomparably holy-looking scene...

But after the divine throne turned into a leg, this sort of appearance gave off an indescribably creepy feeling.

The divine throne looked at the head of the shadow men in front of it. "You can't fool me, let alone Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch. Speak, where are you from..."

"Since you know everything, why do you need to ask me?" The head sneered. He was utterly unafraid of death and wouldn't reveal any secrets. Most importantly, he had the Fate Dao mark; if these people forcibly invaded his mind to steal his memories, the Fate Dao mark would instantly act to kill him.

When that time came, he would be set free.

He would no longer suffer the agony of torture.

But it seemed that the shadow man had misunderstood something. Although he wouldn't speak, this didn't mean that he could use this to threaten the divine throne.

After all, the divine throne was the messenger that had been sent by the divine realm to assist in Star Lord's growth. It had originally been the exclusive stool which Thousand-Winged God put his feet up on... how noble was its status!

"For thousands of years, I listened to Lord God's exalted words as he rested his feet on me. Apart from Ling Zhenren and His Excellency Jingbai, who else can be arrogant and tyrannical before my venerable self?" As the divine throne spoke lightly, its extremely ingratiating words greatly shocked Wang Ling and the others.

Actually, it wasn't the fawning that was the problem, but the fact that the divine throne could actually make it sound so righteous... Wang Ling had barely heard anything like it before.

As for the divine throne calling itself "my venerable self," Wang Ling actually didn't see anything wrong with it.

It was essentially a chair seat 1 , after all!

What should it call itself, if not that?

"You're not getting anything from me." The head of the shadow men grit his teeth.

"If my venerable self were to speak the truth, you would no longer be so relaxed."

The divine throne laughed coldly. "You can act so wantonly here because you aren't afraid of death. Judging from the mark on your buttocks, your master probably created another world, and you are the specters that travel between the two worlds. Am I right?"

The head of the shadow men's face instantly turned unsightly.

"What do you mean by 'specters that travel between the two worlds'?" Wang Ming asked.

"It's simple," the divine throne replied. "These people aren't meant to appear in this world to begin with... They're already dead."

“Dead?”

“That’s right.” The divine throne nodded. “But because of the Fate Dao mark, they were brought back to life in another world. My guess is that this other world is a mirror image of the real one. All the people who died in the real world were resurrected in that world through some kind of Fate Dao spell.”

“How do you know that?!” The head was pale with fright. He never expected the other side to actually hit the mark and cover practically everything.

“It seems that my guess is absolutely correct.” The divine throne nodded again.

Everyone: “...”

The head refused to believe it. “You actually tricked me?!”

“My venerable self is a throne of the gods, why can’t I trick you?” The divine throne smiled. “I know something of Fate Dao, but in the end, this is only what I heard from God’s exalted speech, which isn’t much. However, Fate Dao is a Dao which warps fate. Thus, my venerable self guessed that Fate Dao techniques should be related to resurrection. Since this group of people aren’t afraid to die, they must think that even if they die here, they’ll be able to come back to life in the other world.”

“A perfectly reasonable guess.” Wang Ming and Guo Ping also nodded.

Just then, Zhai Yin thought of something. “Then, does the murder of the scientists in the research institute have something to do with Fate Dao? After they were killed, their bodies were taken away. What is the purpose of these shadow men in taking away the bodies?”

“Things seem quite clear now.”

Wang Ming slowly closed his eyes and came up with a conjecture. “Scientific researchers across the country have all been murdered. This was definitely a premeditated plan. On the surface, it looks like they killed the researchers, when in fact they intended to use Fate Dao techniques to take the researchers to another world and ultimately make use of them. As for why these people are so unrestrained...”

Wang Ming paused, then said, “I’m afraid it has a lot to do with the fact that they can be resurrected. Is there a way to solve this?”

“There is.”

The divine throne continued, “We just need to throw their Fate Dao into disarray.”

“How?” Wang Ling asked telepathically.

The divine throne gave an astonishing reply: “Swap out their asses.”

Everyone: “...”

Chapter 989: Palace of Mirrors

To swap out the Fate Dao mark and thereby break the order of fate – this was the solution the divine throne came up with.

Since this bunch wasn’t worried about dying because of the Fate Dao mark, their confidence just needed to be broken and they would naturally confess.

The head of the black shadow men was bewildered and uncertain. He didn’t doubt what the divine throne said at all. Based on the powerful divinity it was radiating, the head was aware that he wasn’t this thing’s match. The boost from the Fate Dao mark greatly increased their strength in combat, but what kind of hallowed thing was this divine chair?

“Back then we were persecuted and remained buried in the earth for hundreds of years... It wasn’t easy for us to come back to life, and we just want to serve our master and live well. Please don’t cut off the only path we have,” the head of the black shadow men begged after an internal struggle.

“Very good.”

The divine throne laughed. “So tell me first: who on earth is the person who orchestrated this plan?”

“His surname is Bai, Bai Youquan... He’s our direct superior. We don’t qualify to meet anyone else at a higher level,” said the head.

Bai Youquan?

Wang Ming felt this name was a little familiar.

He frowned. “I recall that before Bai Zhe was caught, didn’t he have a son called Bai Youquan? He was an illegitimate child who died very young. According to Bai Zhe himself, when he carried his son around, he frequently treated him like a dumbbell to train his muscles. Once, he accidentally broke his own arm, and coupled with his Yin spiritual qi attribute, this Yin energy invaded the child’s body and straightaway froze him to death at just several months old.”

“...” Everyone was astounded and never thought something like this could happen.

As for why Bai Youquan could be resurrected, everyone no longer had any doubts after understanding the properties of Fate Dao.

People who had already been dead for hundreds of years could be resurrected, to say nothing of Bai Zhe’s child.

Adding Wang Ming’s strange dream to the mix, they could now confirm that the resurrection of President Bai Zhe and Devil Gut Fungus Lord in the dream was very likely true.

Then, who was the person behind the scenes?

Was it that white-haired young man who looked identical to Wang Ling?

Now that they had proof related to the resurrection he saw in his dream, Wang Ming’s heart couldn’t help trembling.

Who on earth was copying Wang Ling's face?

He needed answers.

"What's your name and what did you do before you were brought back to life?" The divine throne continued with its questions.

"My, my name is Yu Zhong... before I was resurrected, I was a Chinese who grew up overseas, and I joined a foreign mercenary organization... I died in a battle between mercenaries."

"Battle between mercenaries?"

"Yes. Fights between mercenary cultivators are very common overseas. Most of them are vagrant cultivators, many of whom join mercenary organizations voluntarily as a way to make a living. A lot are duped into joining, initially wanting to make a quick buck, and only realizing after they joined how hard it is to get out... Although they make plenty of money, they don't dare use it in many situations," said Yu Zhong, this head of the black shadow men.

Wang Ling and the others all nodded when they heard this.

The history of mercenary cultivators was quite complex. Wang Ling remembered that Old Antique had touched on this a little when talking about overseas history in history class.

In many situations, these so-called mercenary organizations were set up in secret and didn't serve any country, but worked for themselves. Any nation could secretly hire them and commission them to carry out classified jobs.

The mercenary organizations took a neutral stance: if there was a conflict in assignments, they would work for the highest bidder.

Most of these unaffiliated vagrant cultivators were unregistered citizens, and no information on their identities could be found at all outside their circle.

Therefore, there was no way to trace their identities after they died.

“The situation is now very clear,” said Guo Ping. “Most of these black shadow men were probably vagrant mercenaries hundreds of years ago, and their identities can’t be traced. Even if we were to know their names now, there’s nothing to investigate.”

“That’s exactly it.”

Wang Ming nodded, and fixing his gaze on the head of the shadow men in front of him, he took out an electronic map and placed it before the latter. “I now need you to point out the location of your base.”

“The base is in the Palace of Mirrors. There’s no way for me to point it out on this map of yours, but I can show you where the entrance is.” After he said this, Yu Zhong pointed at a spot on the map, then begged, “But please, don’t swap out our butts...”

“You don’t have to worry about that,” said Wang Ming.

...

Soon, the interrogation was done.

Star Lord of Divine Dao Star saw Wang Ling and the rest off from Star Lord’s Palace.

Before leaving, Wang Ming asked the divine throne curiously, “Will switching out their buttocks truly destroy the Fate Dao mark?”

“Of course not. I have no idea how to do it, I simply made something up to scare him,” answered the divine throne.

Everyone: “...”

...

Ten-odd minutes later, Wang Ling and the others appeared at the mouth of the secret alley to the Palace of Mirrors.

Wang Ming had made ample preparations and had brought Wang Ling Two and Wang Ling One with him. He wore the newly-developed Two metal suit and Guo Ping the One metal suit; now, both of them had the strength to fight.

There were people guarding the mouth of the alley. To avoid alerting the enemy, Wang Ling used his King's Eye to cover the scene so that what the guards saw was an image of the alley from an hour ago.

This move allowed them to go completely unnoticed and was a lot more useful than an invisibility spell.

That head of the black shadow men hadn't lied; when Wang Ling and the others entered the alley, they noticed the mouth on the wall.

"How do we get in?" asked Guo Ping.

Wang Ming used the Deduction Technique to go through several possibilities before saying, "You have to put your hand into the mouth and say the password. If it isn't right, it'll straightaway bite your arm off. I've yet to figure out what the password is, though..."

"Don't bother."

At that moment, Wang Ling stepped forward.

Touching the big mouth on this stone wall, he simply directly thrust his hand inside, then pulled out a long red tongue.

The stone mouth was caught completely unaware by Wang Ling's thrust – too deep! It was too deep down its throat! Its throat felt swollen from this thrust...

"Wuwuwu..." the stone mouth cried; it had no eyes, so the tears poured out of the mouth.

Wang Ling gazed at the stone mouth, his expression as calm as an ancient well. "Let us in."

Stone mouth: "Wuwuwu ... no, I can't..."

Wang Ling opened his dead fish eyes. “If not, I’ll beat you to death.”

Stone mouth: “I’ll open...”

Chapter 990: A Reverse World

It was only after entering the Palace of Mirrors that Wang Ling and the others discovered how strange it was. They didn’t emerge at the mouth of an alley, but seemed to have been transported to a random corner of the city. It wasn’t just them, but different people continued to gather here in light particle bodies, some old and some young. After appearing in this world, it was as if they had been given new realms, and they all headed in one direction.

In this flood of people, plenty of them were wearing white coats.

“Isn’t that Old Chen...” Guo Ping saw a familiar figure, but he felt that things weren’t right and didn’t step forward to call out to the other party.

“It’s pretty much as we guessed: sure enough, these people who died in the real world for one reason or another were brought back to life here.” Wang Ming adjusted the armor on him and entered “camouflage mode.” In this mode, Wang Ling One and Wang Ling Two would disguise themselves using masks similar to human skin.

This was a function based on Wang Ling’s “Great Transfiguration Spell” which Wang Ming developed after many experiments.

“Shall we ask him about the situation?” Guo Ping gazed at the researcher with the surname Chen for a moment and thought of going over to ask about the situation. Before he could do so, however, the researcher in the white coat was promptly seized by shadows which had fallen from the sky.

It was a group of black shadow men just like the five that had been captured previously. They were very skillful, and one could tell that they were probably also mercenary cultivators from hundreds

of years ago whose identities couldn't be traced. They had also been resurrected after death and now served as the most loyal subordinates.

“What are you doing... I, I need to go and report!” The researcher with the surname Chen struggled.

“Settle down!” The head of the black shadow men struck the researcher hard in the stomach, and the latter passed out.

Some busybodies nearby were watching.

“What are you looking at?! These people are all criminals that need to be specially handled. Mind your own business and line up properly to register at the dream house!” The black shadow man sneered. He then lifted up the researcher, turned around, and vanished into thin air.

The black shadow suits allowed them to come and go as they liked, and to disappear without a trace.

It was clear that they had received special orders to look out for and seize newly-resurrected researchers in this Palace of Mirrors.

Indeed, these scientific researchers had no idea how they had come to this world or how they had died.

Their memories had all been tampered with.

This was similar to people upgrading a game who needed to enter the novice village and find the original NPC who had given them a task in order to complete the setup.

What on earth was this “dream house”?

“Let's go take a look.” Wang Ling and the others followed the trail.

There were a lot of dream houses to register newcomers in this world. Going along with the masses, Wang Ling reached a dream house on a street which seemed a little familiar...

Dog Two was wagging its tail next to Wang Ling, when it saw a sculpture so alarming that it broke out in a cold sweat – it was a sculpture of Dog Two in toad form, which was identical to the one close to Fang Xing’s noodle shop in the center of the main street. It had changed, however – the original sculpture was of Odd Zhuo piercing the toad with a sword.

After they entered the world of the Palace of Mirrors, the sculpture had become that of Dog Two swallowing Odd Zhuo.

“So everything is reversed in the Palace of Mirrors?” Wang Ming and the others were also astonished at this scene.

No wonder the street seemed a little familiar, yet different. The street layout was the same, but the direction it lay in had changed, and some of the history of the original world had been distorted to create a completely different ending.

Fang Xing’s noodle shop had also switched positions.

The one thing that was completely different was the “dream house” which the black shadow man had mentioned earlier.

This was the sole place set up by the creator behind the scenes of this world for registering newcomers. The setup inside the dream house was very simple: a woman, also wearing a black shadow suit, typed the registration information into a computer, while two black shadow goons stood on both sides to maintain order.

Everyone who came here were asked a series of questions, before the registrar turned a prize wheel behind her.

At the very beginning, Wang Ling and the others didn’t understand what the wheel was for, but after watching several people register, they were enlightened.

They were standing at the back of the line when a good-looking boy went up.

“Name,” the registrar asked.

“Cai Yifan.”

The registrar typed the name into the computer and did a check. “Mm, you’re Cai Yifan 1 . You like playing basketball, but people hate the unmanly way you play, and they made guichu videos of it. When you clicked a video, your heart was affected by the rhythm and inadvertently sped up with it, ultimately resulting in your death.”

When the registrar said this, the young man seemed to recall something and then shed tears of grievance. “That’s right... that’s what happened, I remember now...”

“Mm, now is the moment to decide your fate.” Then, the registrar spun the prize wheel behind her, and the pointer ultimately stopped on a strange rune.

“Congratulations, it’s the Human Path. You can continue to live here as a human.” The registrar smiled.

“Hu... man...”

“Relax, this is a beautiful world where everyone is proud to play basketball. Your girly movements will be admired here. I hope you’ll live well here. I’m called Dream Matron, I wouldn’t deceive you.”

“Thank you.”

The young man looked grateful, but then looked puzzled. “Since I’m already dead, then is this heaven...”

“You can think so. You don’t need money to make any transactions in this world as all the resources here are shared. You can obtain and do whatever you want.” The registrar smiled mysteriously. “Congratulations again. The possibility of getting ‘human’ on the prize wheel is very low.”

“It looks like there are six Paths written on the prize wheel.” Dog Two spoke in the queue. “Hell Path, Hungry Ghost Path, Beast Path, Human Path, Asura Path and Nether Path... After Heavenly Path became an independent Great Dao, its original position was replaced with Nether Path.”

After Dog Two said this, a balding, scholarly-looking old man with glasses stepped forward.

“Name,” the registrar asked again.

“Qu Yixian 1 ,” said the old man.

“Mm, I’ve checked, you died from overwork,” Dream Matron looked at the screen and said.

The old man recalled his experienced before his death and begged on the spot, “Please, Dream Matron, allow me to enter the Human Path as well... This old man has no talent, and I brought you some books I wrote as gifts.”

“Oh? Mister, you seem to be a man of some capability.”

The registrar codenamed Dream Matron gave a smile and took a look at the old man’s books.

They were: Three Years of College Exams and Five Years of Simulations (1), Three Years of College Exams and Five Years of Simulations (2), Three Years of College Exams and Five Years of Simulations (3)...

“Take him away.” Dream Matron had a pleasant expression on her face.

“Not turning the prize wheel?” a black shadow goon asked.

“No need, send him straight to the Beast Path.”